

MARVEL®
6th Apr 91

THE REAL

№147 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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It's **April Fool's Day**, as you probably have already found out, and since Spring is in the air there's a special gardening story for all you *budding* Ghostbusters out there. No time to *beat about the bush* as **The Real Ghostbusters** quickly get *entwined* in an ecological epic entitled **The Green Ghost!**

Speaking of green fingers, Slimer seems to be the culprit when The Real Ghostbusters confront a ghoulish gremlin who is making April Fools of them in another hilarious story from **Winston's Diary!**

All hell is breaking out in New York whilst the guys are busy out of town, then the Hallowe'en Demon escapes from the Ecto-Containment Unit in the second horrific instalment of **Samhain Chanted Evening!** All this and more in the wonderfully spooky one hundred and forty-seventh edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!**

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Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

THE GREEN GHOST!

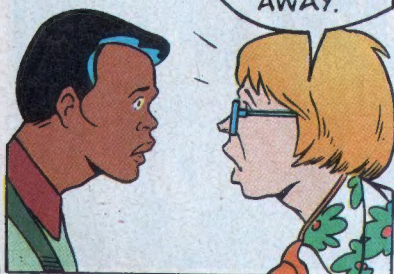
A GARDEN CENTRE,
MAINE...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.
I WONDER WHAT SORT OF
GHOST WOULD HAUNT A
GARDEN CENTRE?



MR. GREEN,
WHAT
SEEMS TO
BE THE
PROBLEM?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
IT IS, BUT
YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP
ME. IT'S
SCARING
ALL MY
CUSTOMERS
AWAY.



I'LL TRY AND SHOW YOU WHERE
IT IS, USUALLY YOU JUST HEAR
IT RUSTLE AND THEN BINGO,
YOU'RE DONE
FOR!



HMMM,
INTERESTING.

DO YOU
HEAR
WHAT
I HEAR,
EGON?

PRIMAL
REVERBER-
ATIONS?

AN
EARTH
SPIRIT?

RUSTLE!
RUSTLE!



I DON'T
BE-LEAF
IT!

HISSESSSS!

WHAT ON
EARTH IS
THAT,
EGON?



RUSTLE!
RUSTLE!

THAT, WINSTON, IS AN
ECTOPLASMIC, BIO-
DEGRADABLE, EN-
VIRONMENTALLY UN-
FRIENDLY CLASS
ONE, ELEMENTAL
EARTH SPIRIT!

I THINK WE
CAN JUST
CALL IT
RUSSELL
TO KEEP
THINGS
SIMPLE!



WELL, LET'S SEE
WHAT THIS
SPOOK IS MADE
OF. GET THE
TRAP READY.



ISN'T IT A BIT
EARLY FOR
AUTUMN,
RAY?



VERY FUNNY, PETER.
HELP ME PICK UP
SOME OF THESE
LEAVES FOR
INVESTIGATION.

WOAHH! LOOKS
LIKE **SPRING'S**
COME EARLY!



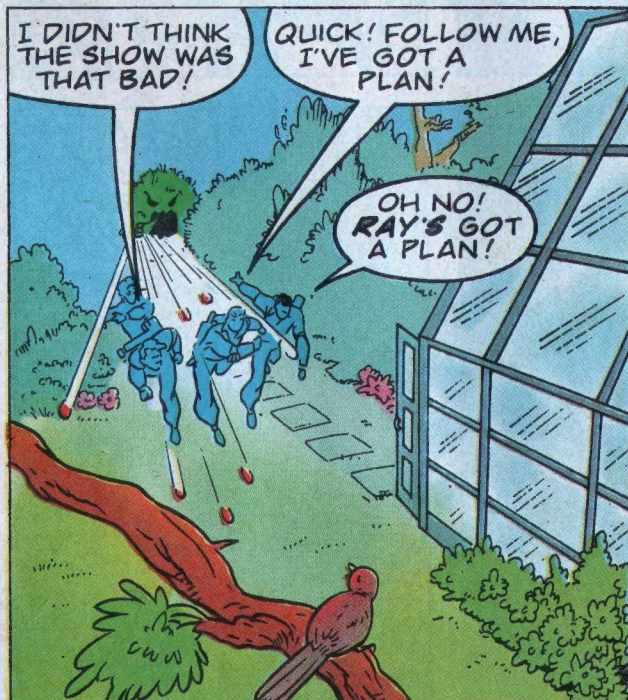
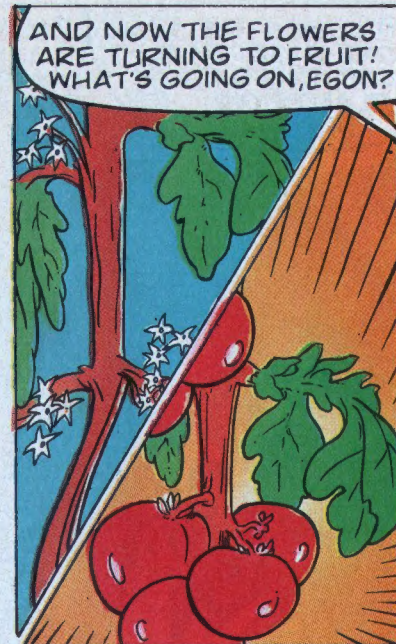
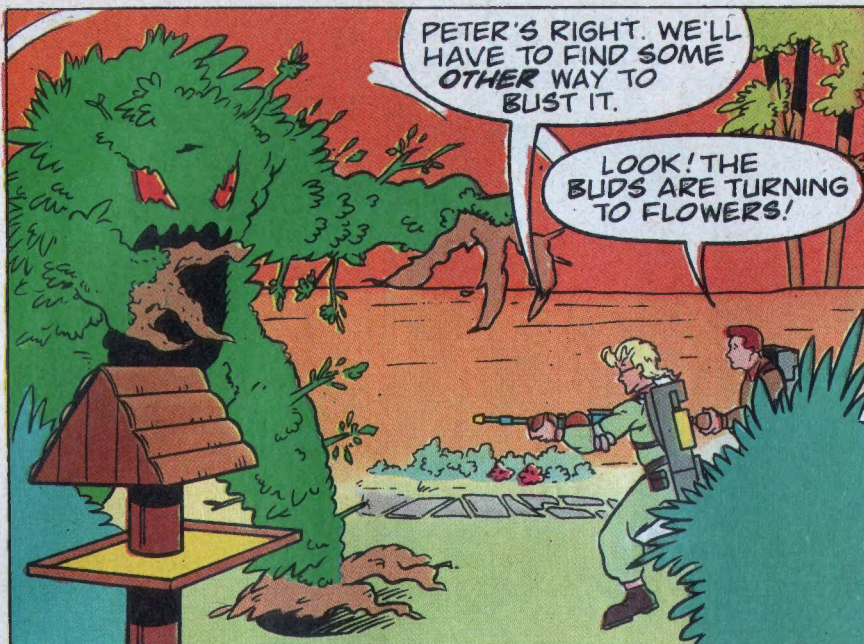
HEY, I THOUGHT
WE'D BUSTED
THIS SPOOK!
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

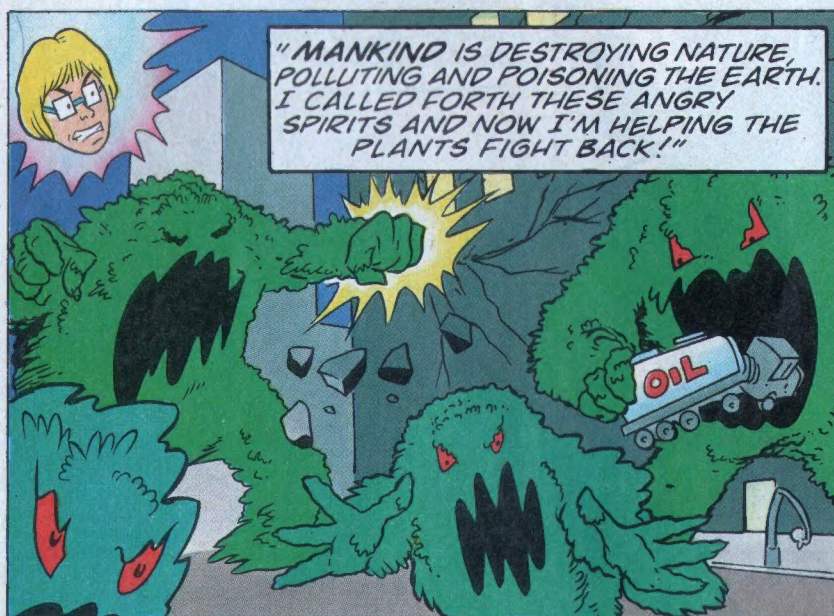
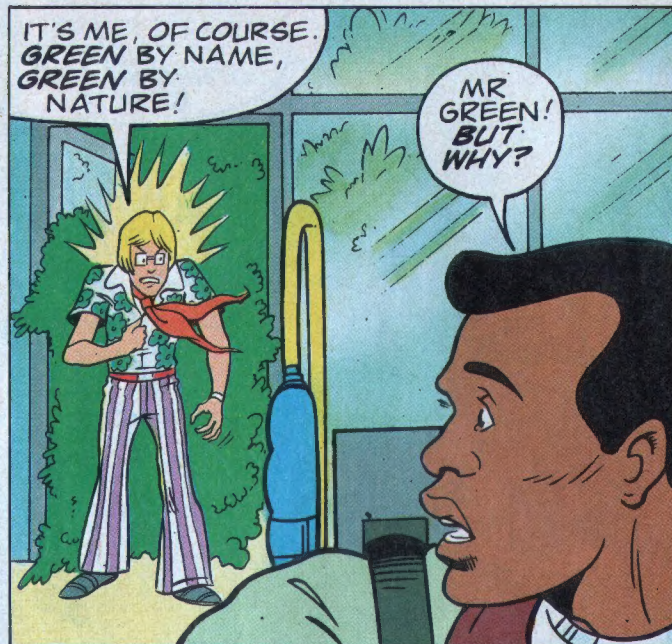
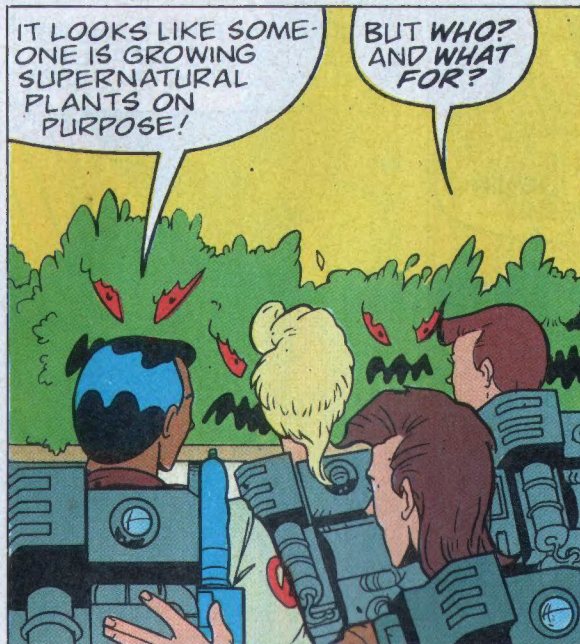


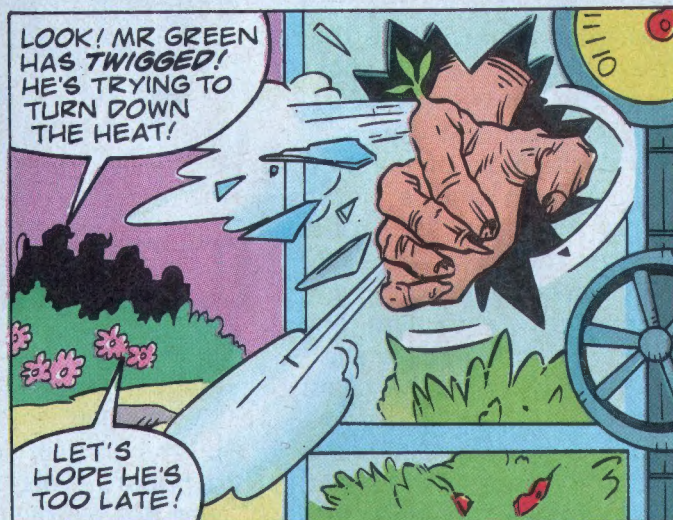
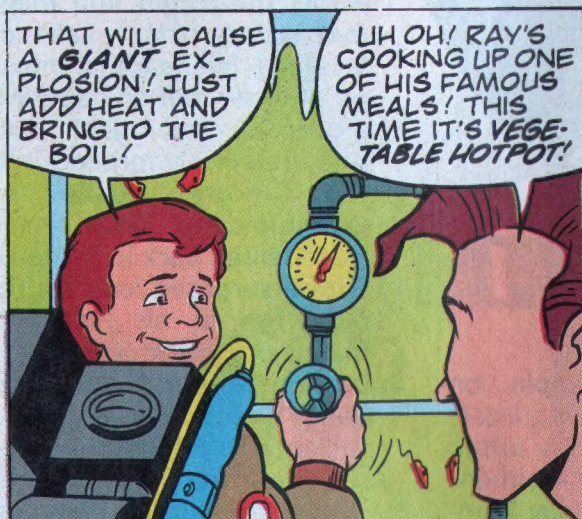
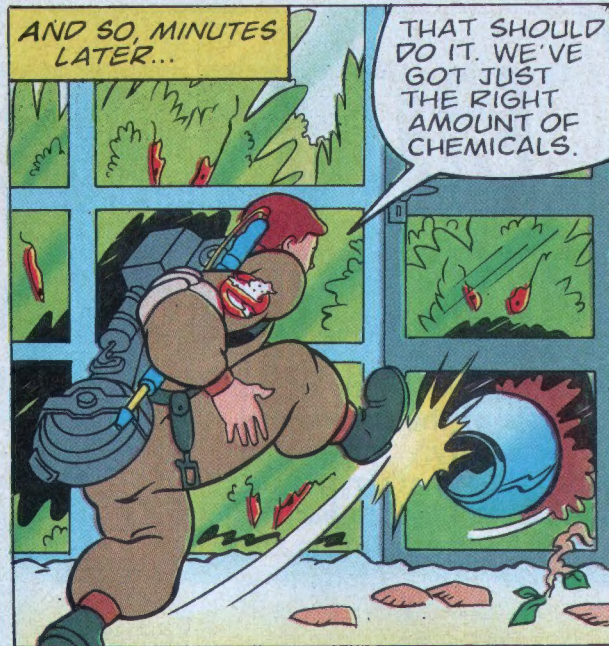
NEVER UNDER-
ESTIMATE THE
POWER OF NATURE,
RAY. THIS SPIRIT
SEEMS DETER-
MINED TO FIGHT
BACK!

IT'S
REGENERATING!

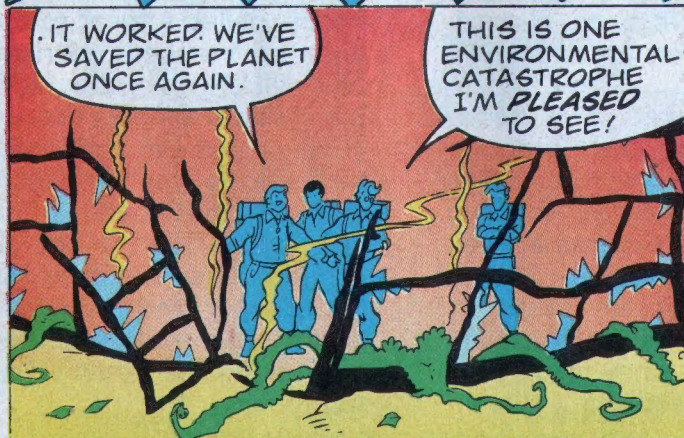








KABOOM!



SPENGLEER'S

SPIRIT

Many people think of us scientists of the paranormal as a stuffy, fun-hating bunch, but that's not true, **April Fool's Day** is a particularly jolly time for us in the Ecto-scientific community, and we tend to celebrate it with vigour and imagination. The reason for this particular enthusiasm is that April the 1st is also 'Tobin's Day', the anniversary of the first contact between the grand old man of paranormal research and a ghost. Being April the 1st, Tobin thought the event was a joke engineered by his young and flippant assistant Julian, and was busy checking his socks for custard when the ghost slimed him, proving its genuine nature. Such was the importance of this event, paranormally speaking, that we celebrate it every year with a day spent playing clever practical jokes on each other. Here are some of the best:

On Tobin's Day, 1966, the entire ectopathic department of Weaver Hall University played a trick on the paranormal faculty of Mis-katonic University involving a Class seven Viscous Manifester with particularly bad run-off problems, a skip load of bourbon biscuits and a large neon sign that said 'behind you'. Golly, those pranksters – it took a week to get the scorch marks out of the foyer lino.

In 1884, Wilson Fudnall caught out his eminent col-



PART 147

league Jacob Trimble on Tobin's Day, by locking a preblerty gremlin in his airing cupboard. This concealment was not discovered by Trimble until late in the day when he looked in for a clean shirt. By then, the gremlin was positively busting to go blerty, and it went off explosively in Trimble's face. Trimble never had a crisply ironed shirt again, though he got his own back and Fudnall had to switch to custard-proof slippers for six months or so.

Scotty Hackett and Benny Bulimbo of the Santa Fe Paranormal Institute pulled off an absolutely cracking scam at the expense of their senior researcher Dennis Wulkhamper in 1986. By relabelling several Erudlian occult tests, they made Wulkhamper read out a dimen-

GUIDE

sional banishment spell rather than the recipe for shamenic porridge he was looking for. Wulkhamper travelled through nineteen separate dimensions at the speed of sound, ricocheted off the festering Mounds of Bimble, skipped like a stone across the turgid and miasmal waters of the Lake of Squench, fell headfirst into a pit of lesser demonic sucking gibberers, scrambled out, was fired like a torpedo into the Gloopy Marshes of Quantumlump and finally materialised back in Santa Fe with a surprised look on his face, fish in his hair and mauve ectoplasm on his stay-pressed trousers. Scotty and Benny were later admitted to Santa Fe General Hospital suffering from strains and cramps brought on by excessive laughing.

In 1776, John Pobble of the Universitariat of Arkham, Mass., put custard into the socks of Grisholm Webber. Webber, in return, planted mustard and cress seeds on Pobble's study carpet and painted his glasses orange. Pobble nailed a toilet to the back of Webber's carriage and filled his tuba with marmalade. Webber ironed Pobble's budgie and dropped a forty pound mangle through the roof of his greenhouse from a hot air balloon. After that they called it a day, and the whole event is generally regarded as a classic of Tobin's Day tomfoolery.

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MEN - HE IS THE ALL
CONQUERING**

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FOUL STENCH
HAS GOT ME!!

... AND MY MANTA MEN
TOO BY STENCH SPITTING
MUTANTS



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stench enclosed in
egg, with decom-
posing Manta men.



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plungers to squirt stench.



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Stenchoids. Stench
spitting mutants set to
terrify Manta men.

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WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS

Monday, April 1st 1991

Woke up with head in a tea cosy. Knew that a) today was April Fool's Day and b) things had got off to a flying start. Got out of bed and got off to a flying start. This was mainly due to the skateboard waiting for my feet to lower themselves over the side of the bunk. Flying start ended in a flying stop, which is a Zeddmore family expression for impacting head first and spread-eagled into the side of the wardrobe.

Ray passed me on the way to the bathroom. He was travelling at about twenty-five miles an hour through the air – thanks to the trip wire that had been tied across the bedroom. There was a sad, perplexed expression on his face as he sailed past. He came out with a rather more colourful and unrepeatable expression when he landed head down in the laundry basket.

'April fool,' I said, humourlessly.

'Did you do that?' Ray asked, pulling himself out of the pile of grubby overalls and pointing to the wire. I shook my head.

In the bathroom, I found that someone had squeezed a marble into the neck of my toothpaste tube. I didn't find this out immediately. Before I found it out, I spent several seconds applying increasing pressure to the tube in order to extrude some paste. Then I found out. The marble shot out of the tube like a champagne cork and ricocheted furiously around the bathroom like a wasp on an assertiveness training course. It was followed by a fierce jet of liberated toothpaste which covered my feet. I stood there as the marble finally came to rest (after a final bounce off the back of my head), looking like I'd either gone for a long walk in the snow, or I'd decided to shave my slippers.

I went downstairs. Carefully.

Peter was in the kitchen, mopping up the water on the floor. He was doing this dressed only in his underwear. His uniform, dripping wet, was draped over a nearby radiator.

Janine stood in the doorway, and stopped me from interrupting him.

'Best you don't talk to him right now, Winston,' she said. 'You wouldn't know anything about a bucket of iced water wired to fall out of the fridge when the door opened, would you?'

'Not me. I'm still nursing bruises of my own,' I replied.

'Nice slippers,' she remarked and walked away to reception.

'Janine,' I called after her, 'I think you'd better check your chair for paint.'

She stopped and looked over her shoulder at the big splash of orange paint on her skirt. Sometimes the smouldering Melnitz silence is worse than a verbal outburst.

I joined Egon at the breakfast bar. He sat there, spoon in hand, looking sadly at the drawing pins he had just poured into his cereal bowl from the packet of crispy cracker-cracker wheat. As I sat down, he pointed the spoon at me and said 'Mind the milk' a little too late to stop me picking up the carton, notice the bottom fold open and watch a river of milk gush across the counter and into my lap.

Now thoroughly coated in dental and dairy products, I began to lose my temper.

'Don't you know it's rude to point with a spoon or fork?' I asked Egon crossly.

He shrugged, waved the spoon at me again and stood up. 'I do indeed. If you need me, I'll be in the lab trying to find a solvent for superglue.' He shuffled off up stairs, and the spoon went with him.

There were a couple of crashes and bangs from upstairs, and shortly afterwards Ray came down. Like Peter, he was dressed only in his underwear and he was carrying his uniform. I looked at him questioningly. 'Someone has sewn up the leg holes of my overalls.' He reported and sat on the stool next to me with a sigh that was followed by a ping.

The ping wasn't him. It was the sound of the stool frame collapsing under the weight, something it could do easily with



all the screws taken out.

'Thanks' he said, as I helped him up.

So there we were – two men in their underwear, one man in a soggy dressing gown and snow-capped slippers, and one woman in a freshly painted skirt. And one other man upstairs fused in perfect harmony with a spoon. Fury is not a big or spiky enough word to convey what we were feeling.

About then, Egon, the man-spoon, came back downstairs and showed us the PKE Meter from the lab.

'I think I might have located our prankster culprit,' he said. 'I've got a nineteen cycle reading.'

'Let me see,' said Ray, taking the Meter from him. 'Hmmm... eight revolutions a second and spectrography is pushing the high sixties. Macro-gremlin, do you think?'

'Or a Nano-demonic, but with cyclics like that, I'd put money on your suggestion,' Egon answered.

Peter already had his Proton Gun ready. 'Let's smoke it out,' he growled, damply.

We searched the building. Oh what fun we had... the tub of ectoplasm rigged over the lounge door, the fire extinguisher that went off all by itself, the seaweed in the airing cupboard, the cottage cheese in the

video, the eight pound turbot in the washing machine.

We found the macro-gremlin, a short, grey, giggling thing, in the toilet as it was lighting the end of the loo roll.

'Er... Happy Tobin's Day?' it rasped hopefully, the matches held in his paw.

'Is it ever,' said Peter and pointed to the Trap at his feet. The gremlin looked at us for a moment, shrugged and walked into the Trap. I admire a guy, however grey and smelly, that can accept defeat gracefully.

We'd just got back downstairs when the apparition drifted into reception, a hovering white shape with staring eyes. It howled and shivered and gurgled.

Four Proton Guns clicked out, whined as the charge grew and prepared to fire.

The apparition paused mid-shiver and coughed nervously. Then, a green hand reached out from under the sheet and pulled up the edge. Slimer looked at us, wide-eyed and rather taken aback.

'Hello buddy buddy buddies...' he began.

Peter did quite a lot of damage to the reception area with wild blasts from his Proton Gun before we calmed him down. By then, he had Slimer trapped between the breakfast bar and the fridge and was looking down the sights of his gun at the poor little spud.

'Busting time!' Peter snarled.

'Ulp!' said Slimer.

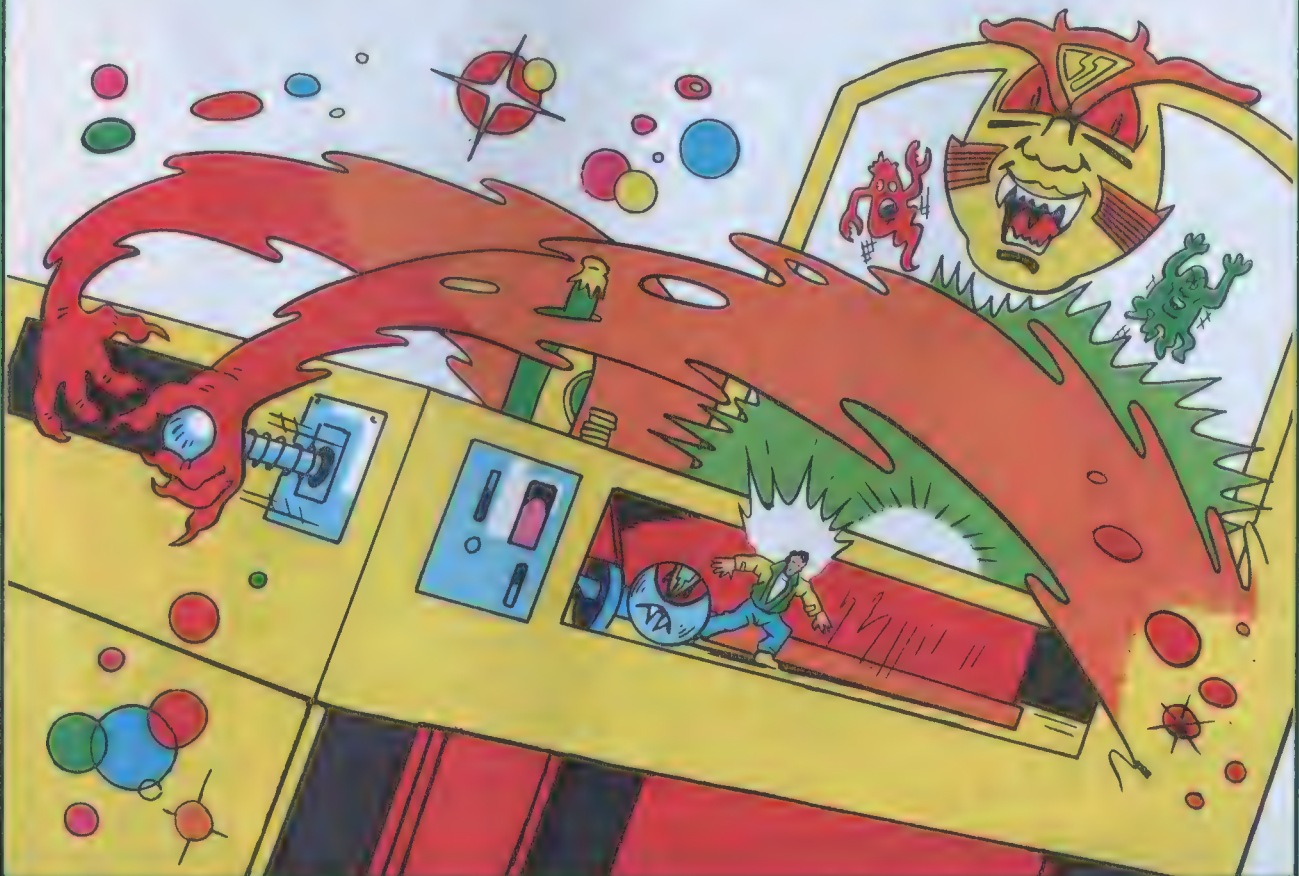
Peter raised the Gun, a smile of triumph, long-time coming, crossing his face. 'April Fool' he said.



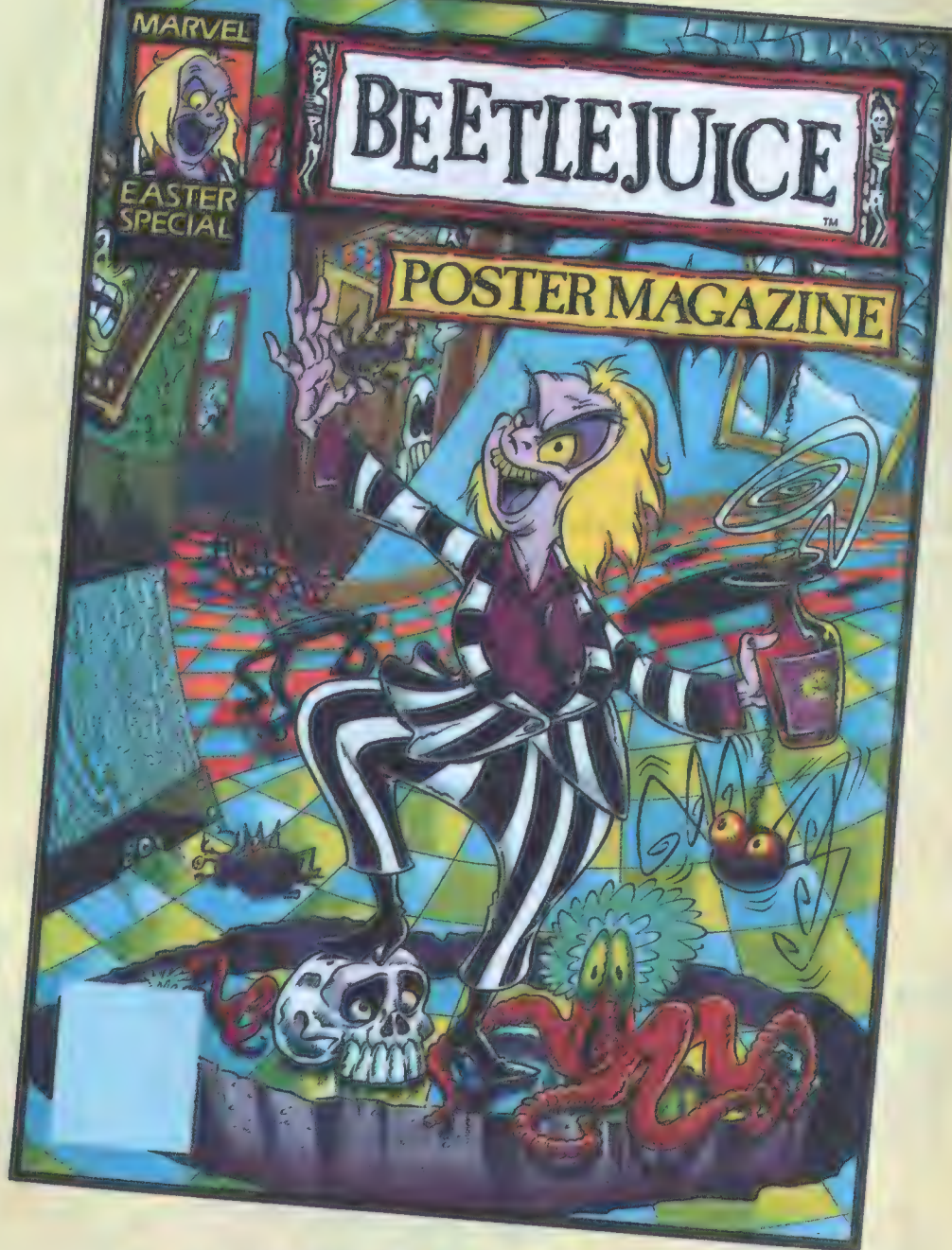
PINBALL WIZARD

It was one of Peter's rare days off when he noticed the strange new game at the local arcade. The golden pinball machine was particularly enticing to Dr Venkman as it featured The Real Ghostbusters. This was too good to be true for the man with the world's biggest ego, and sure enough it wasn't long before he found out that it was all a terrible trap and he was soon playing for his life as he got sucked into the bagatelle beastie. He had entered the

soul stealer bonus game, and as the possessed pinball wizard took control of the game, Peter discovered that he had to dodge the sinister silver balls and the terminal tilt. His only means of escape was to duck down behind the flippers and the bumpers. The demon was so angry that he banged his phantasmal fist down and up came the tilt – Game Over! Peter reappeared outside the machine, vowing never to touch a bottle of the fizzy stuff again!



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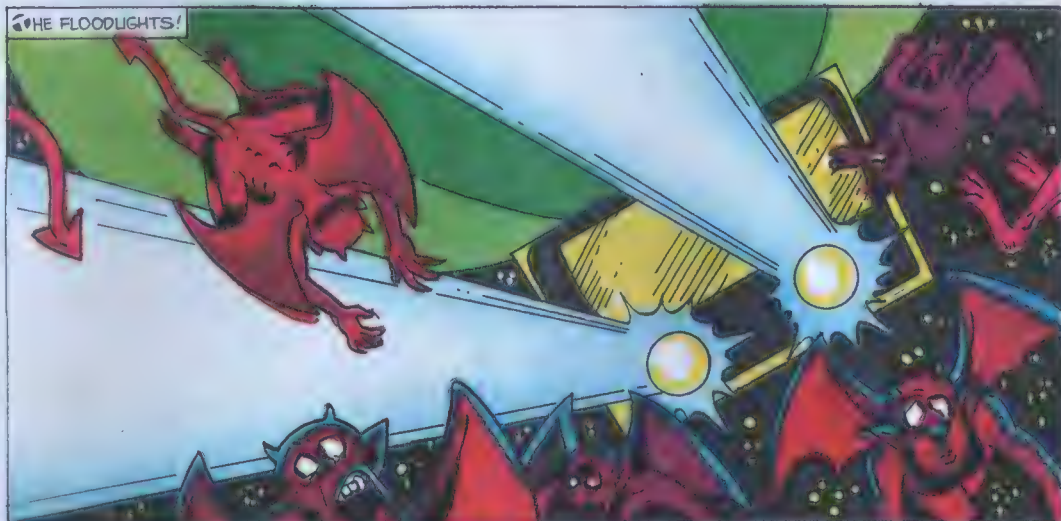
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: As The Real Ghostbusters are returning from a working holiday at the Earth's core, all hell breaks loose...

THE FLOODLIGHTS!

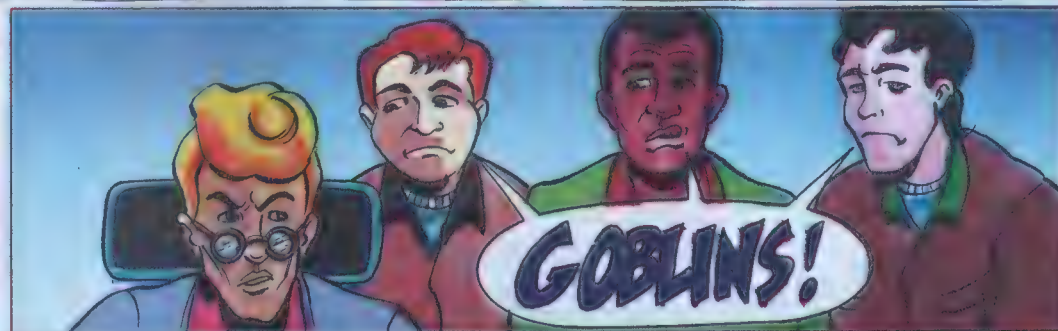


I BELIEVE THOSE GOBLINS WERE TRYING TO STOP US FROM ARRIVING IN NEW YORK. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT NEXT TUESDAY IS?



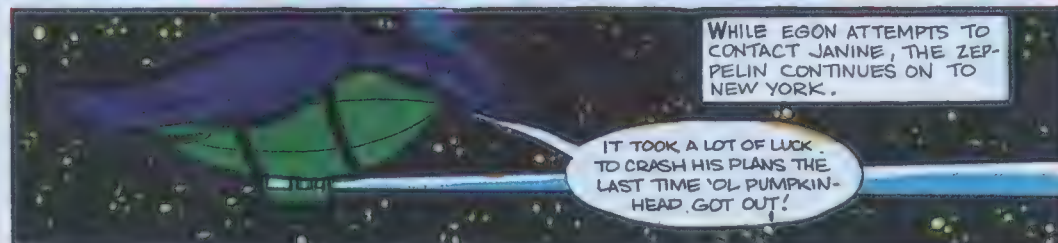
HALLOWEEN?
OH, NO!
SAMHAIN!

AND IF YOU RECALL, HE WAS FREED THE LAST TIME BY...

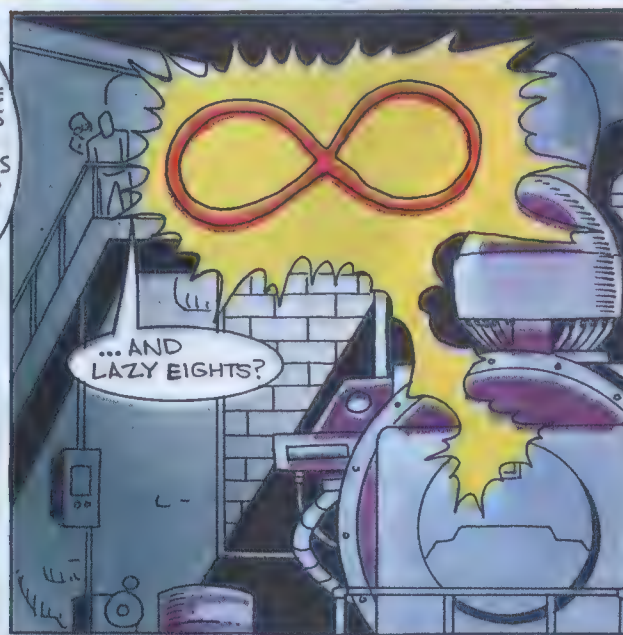


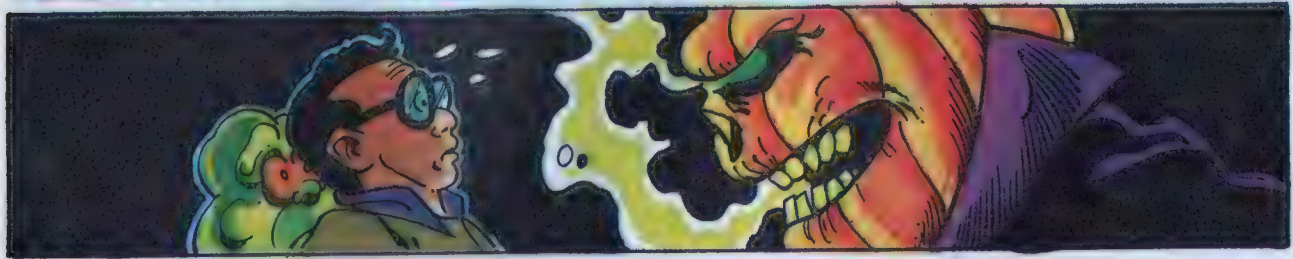
GOBLINS!

WHILE EGON ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT JANINE, THE ZEPPELIN CONTINUES ON TO NEW YORK.



IT TOOK A LOT OF LUCK TO CRASH HIS PLANS THE LAST TIME 'OL PUMPKIN-HEAD GOT OUT!





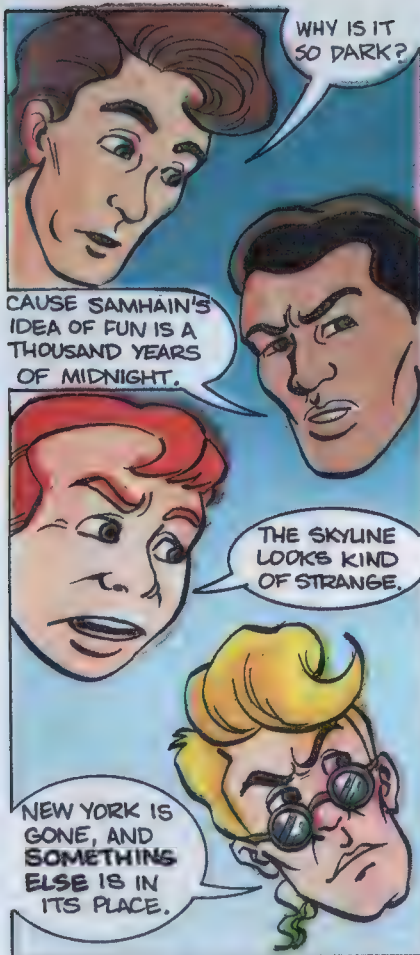
WHEN THE GHOSTBUSTERS APPROACH
NEW YORK HARBOUR, THEIR WORST FEARS
ARE QUICKLY CONFIRMED.

AW, MAN! WE'RE
NOT JUST LATE, WE'RE
WAY PAST DUE, AND THE
PENALTIES ARE PILING UP!

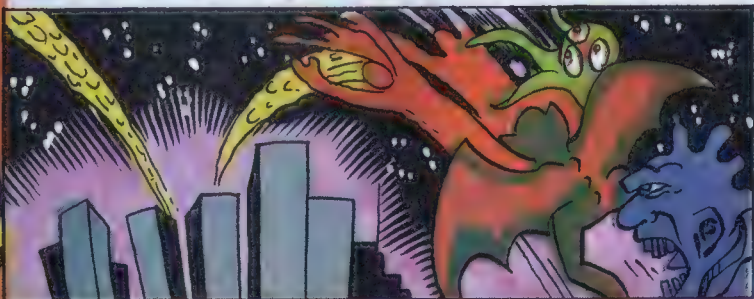
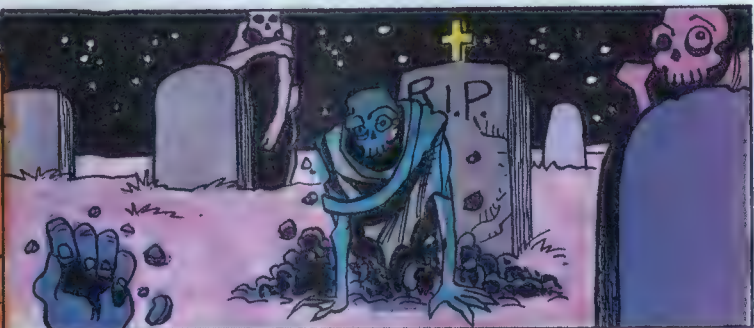
WE'LL HEAD FOR
THE LANDING FIELD
IN LAKEHURST, NEW
JERSEY.

YEAH, AND THE
TRUSTY ECTO-1!





"THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE BIG APPLE TONIGHT!" PETER OBSERVES.



◆ CLASSIFIED ◆

MC120

◆ SHOPS ◆

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Where do ghosts go swimming?
The Dead Sea!
— Simon Housely, Leicester.

What are bats very good at in the water?
The Bat Stroke!
— Robert Bishop, Warrington.

Knock Knock
Who's there?
You
You who?
Did you call me.
— William Sandy, Stafford.

What's black, white and red?
An embarrassed penguin!

What's a mouse's favourite game?
Hide and Squeak!

What's a frog's favourite drink?
Croak-a-cola!

Mum: Lucy, go and play outside. Your father can't read the paper!
Lucy: Cor, I can and I'm only eight years old!
— Anon



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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



DEAD TRUE!



Today, London's Berkeley Square is a peaceful place but in the late 1800's it was the most feared place in Britain. Victorian England were horrified by the tales of the house at No 50, the spectral killer, and the survivors of the house who were too incoherent with sheer terror.

Handsome adventurer, Sir Robert Warboys, accepted a foolish challenge to spend a night there to disprove the stories. The owner was reluctant to allow it, but armed with a gun and with Warboys' friends waiting in the bedroom directly below, Sir Robert retired to bed at 11.15pm.

The young aristocrat was to pull a bell-cord if anything strange occurred, and at exactly 12 o'clock, it frantically rang. A shot was heard and the friends ran upstairs only to

find Warboys slumped over the bed. There was terror in his bulging eyes and the lips were curled hideously over clenched teeth.

Intrigued by this and other stories, Lord Lytton decided to spend a night in the same room where Sir Robert had died of fright. He carried two guns – one full of shot, the other full of silver six-pennies to ward off evil spirits. During the night the coins were fired at a shape that leapt at him. His later researches proved that a female guest who had stayed there had been driven mad by terror. A man who spent one night in the room was found dead the next morning and the maid of a family renting the place died in hospital after being found crumpled on the floor whimpering "Don't let it touch me!"

The building stood empty for years until

Christmas Eve, 1887, when two sailors, Edward Blunden and Robert Martin, arrived in London on leave from their frigate *Pene-lope*. They had no money and no lodgings, so they spent the night at the empty house.

They used the bedroom on the second floor as it was in a better state than the others. Martin was soon asleep, but Blunden was nervous. He heard strange scratching noises in the corridor, and he woke Martin as the door slowly opened and something large, dark and shapeless entered the room. As Blunden tried to find a weapon and the intruder went for him, Martin escaped and ran into the street for help. He found a policeman and returned to find Blunden's shattered body on the basement steps, a grimace of unimaginable terror on his face.



INTERNAL SCARES!

